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The Eliza Cook songster

Bloomsbury
[London]

[18--]

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Control Number: ADG-5869
OCLC Number : 27721784
Call Number : W PN970.E5 ELIZxv.1
Title : The Eliza Cook songster : containing a collection of her most admired ballads, and many of the most popular songs of the day.
Imprint : Bloomsbury [London] : Printed and published by Ryle & Co., [18--]
Format : v. : ill. ; 23 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Caption subtitle: A collection of esteemed favourite songs.
Note : Text also on p. [4] of cover.
Note : Without music.
Note : Library has no. 1 and 2.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.
Added Entry : Cook, Eliza, 1818-1889.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
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Date filming began: 8-30-94
Camera Operator: CS

No. 1.

THE

ELIZA COOK

SONGSTER,

Containing a Collection of her most admired Ballads, and many of the most popular songs of the day.

CONTENTS.

A tear shall tell him all
Ah! why do we love
Aileen Mavourneen
Answer to the Irish emigrant
Be quiet, do, I'll call my mother
Beggar and the Pope
Beautiful Sukey
Child's Dream
Come let us be happy together
Cigars and Cogniac
Dearest then I'll love thee more.
Follow me
Go forget me
I do not love thee
Katty darling
Let fame sound the trumpet
My native home
Merrily fuddle thy nose
My young Gazelle
Merry time of Christmas
Now to the forest we repair
Pretty Rosaline
Peace and knowledge
Robin Ruff
Scottish Blue Bells
Soldier and his bride
Song of the Haymakers
Spirits of the dashing spray
The world is on the move
The Derby Ram
The Cachucha song
The merry meeting
The Standard Bearer
The main truck, or the leap of life
The Knight was brave
The fire-side at home
The Mermaid's cave
The grasp of Friendship's hand
The pleasure of kissing
Two things are all I crave
'Twas not her beauty
The bold Chamois hunter
Take back those gems
The blooming heather
There's room enough for all
The woodman's boy
The Secret
To all you ladies now on land
Will you love me then as now
Will you come to the dale

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY RYLE & Co., 2 & 3, MONMOUTH COURT, BLOOMSBURY.

One penny

No. I.

THE
HARMONIST.

A Collection of the most popular Songs
and Ballads, now sung at the most
fashionable Concerts.

CONTENTS.

A tear shall tell him all
Ah! why do we love
Ahken Mavourneen
Answer to the Irish emigrant
Be quiet, do, I'll call my mother
Beauty and the Pope
Beautiful Snow
Child's Dream
Come let us be happy together
Cupid and Venus
Dermot and I'll love thee more
Down by the
Echo's lone
Fly not yet
Fly not yet
Gaily sound the trumpet
My native home
Nellie Parlie thy mate
My Sweet Cecelie
Merry-time of Christmas
Now is the season we rejoice
Pretty Rosaline
Peace and Goodnight
Robin Ruff
Scotish Blue Bell
Soldier and his bride
Song of the Swallows
Sighs of the darting Spey
The wood is on the move
The Dey-Jean
The Cachucha song
The merry meeting
The Standard Bearer
The main truck, or the leap of life
The Nobility was brave
The Brandy
The
The
The
The
The
The
The
The
The
The
The
The
The
The Secret
To all you ladies now on land
Ah! you love me like
Well you come the Ah!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY DUKE & CO. 9 &c. PORTSMOUTH.

White PN 970.E5 F112x v.1

THE

ELIZA COOK SONGSTER,

A Collection of esteemed favourite Songs.

PEACE AND KNOWLEDGE.

The last Song written by ELIZA COOK, and sung at the opening of the Mechanics' Institute, Sheffield.

THE sweetest lays
That man can raise,
Should greet the spreading light of Reason,
As bee and bird
Are ever heard
The loudest in the bright spring season;
And let us gladly hail the day
That sees us here with right good will,
That sheds another helping ray
To make Truth's sunshine wider still.

God speed the cause,
And let the laws
Of Peace and Knowledge rule our land;
God guard the walls
Whose temple halls
Are filled by Wisdom's Christian band.

No blood-stained spear—
No orphan's tear
Is blending with our simple glory;
If ...rels grace
This favour'd place,
They will not tell a carnage story.
But higher far the mortal fame
That we would bravely seek to win;
Man gains his noblest hero-name
By quelling Ignorance and Sin.
God speed the cause,
And let the laws
Of Peace and Knowledge rule our land;
God guard the walls
Whose temple halls
Are filled by Wisdom's Christian band.

Printed and Published by Ryle & Co., 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.
Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

The Merry Time of Christmas!

Tune—The age of India Rubber.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
So, therefore, we'll enjoy it;
Let us meet with bumping cheer,
Let no dull care alloy it.
Let John Bull bring out his beef,
And treat his friends the good 'uns—
Deal as largely his relief
To the poor, as his plum puddings.
Then hey for Christmas,
Jovial Christmas,
The merry time of Christmas!

Christmas is the time for fun,
At least it should be really;
The meanest then should have the means,
To do the thing quite gaily.
Most folks then are worth a plum,
And curr(a)ent coin are boasting,
Are done up or else done brown,
With roasting or with toasting.
Then hey, &c.

Now ev'ry one will strive his best,
To be extremely jolly,
To beat each other hollow too,
In sporting of their holly.
Ev'ry one, both high and low,
Especially the misses,
Underneath the mistletoe bough
Look for a beau and kisses.
Then hey, &c.

The butcher now he cuts it fat,
And thinks it meet to do it;
He knows full well what he is at,
You must pay for meat and sue it.
The publican's of spirits full,
He's glad beyond all measure;
Supporters then he plenty finds,
To Christmas hails with pleasure.
Then hey, &c.

The spicy grocer's on it sweet,
For blunt to him is handed;
It suits him to a T complete,
But he treats you very candid.
The baker's flour is in full bloom,
A pudding all will muster,
He (h)eats his oven all the day,
And all will have a buster!
Then hey, &c.

In Turkey there's great slaughter done,
Though each one likes a piece too;
And when folks have done more work that's fowl,
They're sure to get to Grease, too.
Pigs will then fetch many a hog,
Although they are no luck in;
And thousands upon Christmas-day
Sucking pigs are sucking!
Then hey, &c.

The dancing-master looks quite blue,
He's fairly got the vapours,
For ev'ry one upon that day
Is sure to cut his capers.
The musician's in a merry key,
For mirth the time creates, then
If folks won't take his notes, of course,
Till Boxing-day he waits, then!
Then hey, &c.

So Christmas the time for joy,
For mirth and trade are thriving,
Nothing can their glee destroy,
That time each one's alive in,
May all Bull's children jovial be,
And have plenty of English cheer,
And may they many other see,
And many a happy New Year.
Then hey, &c.

The Scottish Blue Bells.

LET the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bow'rs,
His pastures of perfume and rose-covered dells,
While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the mountain,
For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells:
And dreadful the wrath of the foam-flashing fountain,
That calms its wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the sons of the river,
The mountain, the valley, and all the wild spells,
And shout, in the chorus, for ever and ever,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Sublime are your hills when the young days are beaming,
And green are your groves with their cool chrystal wells;
And bright are your broadswords, like morning dews gleaming
On blue bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue bells.

Awake! ye light fairies that trip o'er the heather,
Ye mermaids, arise from your coraline cells,
Come forth, with your chorus all chanting together,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the sons of the river,
The mountain, the valley, and all their wild spells,
And shout, in the chorus, for ever and ever,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

The Child's Dream.

BEFORE a lonely cottage once,
With climbing roses gay,
I stood one summer eve to watch
Two children at their play.
All round the garden walks they ran,
Filling the air with glee,
Till they were tired, and sat them down
Beneath an old oak tree.

They were silent for a little space,
And then the boy began:
I wonder, sister dear, if I
Shall ever be a man.
I almost think I never shall,
For oft times in my sleep,
I dream that I am dying—nay,
Dear sister, do not weep.

It is a joyful thing to die,
For though this world is fair,
I see a lovelier in my dreams,
And fancy I am there.
Methinks that I am taken there,
As soon as I have died,
And I roam around a pleasant place,
With an angel by my side.

To that bright world I long to go,
I would not linger here,
But for my gentle mother's sake,
And yours, my sister dear.
And when I read my book to her,
Or when I play with you,
I quite forget that glorious land,
And blessed angels too.

But oft when I am weary grown
Of books and of my play,
Those pleasant dreams come back again,
And steal my heart away.
I wish that you, sweet sister,
And my mother dear, and I,
Could shut our eyes upon this world,
And all together die.

Then his loving sister spoke,
In tones serene and low,
Oh, if heaven is such a glorious place,
Dear brother let us go.
Our mother wept when father died,
Till her bright eyes were dim,
And I know she longs to go to heaven,
That she may be with him.

So let us all together go.
The thoughtful boy replied,
Ah, no, we cannot go to heaven,
Until we, too, have died.
But, sister, we must be content
Upon this earth to stay,
Till our blessed Father, who's in heaven,
Shall call our souls away.

Once more I bent my lonely way
Towards the cottage door,
Methought to see the children play,
But, alas, they were no more.
Before the next year's roses came,
That gentle call was given,
The mother and her two sweet babes,
Had join'd the saints in heaven.

WHITE PN 970 E5 E12x v.1

Answer to the Irish Emigrant.

I'M coming back to you, Mary,
Australia's shores I find,
Can yield no balm to sooth my grief, to ease my troubled mind;
Nature smiles in joy, Mary, and happy forms I see,
With kind and faithful loving heart, but all is dark to me.

There's food and labour here, Mary and heaven's all bounteous hand,
Has shed its gifts on all around, and bless'd this stranger's land,
But where art thou? thy voice is still, thy form I cannot see;
Death hath dimm'd that loving eye, Mary, that kindly beamed on me.

Oh, we were happy once, Mary, thy voice to heaven arose,
And warbled forth the evening hymn to soothe thy babe's repose;
Yes, thou wert beautiful, Mary, thy babe was lovely too,
The birds sung sweet around our cot, and flowers brighter grew.

Oh, I was happy then, Mary, when after daily toil,
Thy voice like music cheered my heart, and I saw thy welcome smile;
But cruel want came on, Mary, and sickness paled thy brow,
And death has blighted all my hopes, and I am lonely now.

I have crossed the sea, Mary, thy angel spirit's near;
Dost thou not hear me call thy name? ah, no, thou canst not hear,
I'm kneeling on the turf, Mary, where you so calmly lie,
I've come to join my babe and thee, and lay me down to die.

The Cachucha Song.

(Music, at Jeffrys & Co.'s.)

COME, O come!
Castanets are gaily sounding,
Light feet to their notes are bounding;
Merry dance, and joyous song,
Gladden now that happy throng.
Never yet did music's measure
Bear such thrilling notes of pleasure;
Hearts and eyes are fill'd with glee,
And gayest of the gay we'll be.
Day is past:
Stars now brightly beam above us,
Hearts are near that fondly love us;
Sweet guitar and mandoline,
Give new pleasure to the scene.
Come, then, come.
Never yet, &c.

Robin Ruff, sequel to Gaffer Green.

HAVE you heard the strange news just come down, Gaffer Gray,
That they're talking of now, far and near,
How that young Robin Ruff hath his wish sure enough,
He has now got a thousand a year, Gaffer Gray,
He has now got a thousand a year.

Young Rob's a good heart, and I'm glad, Master Cross,
Oh, it will not change him, never fear,
In the face of the poor he will not shut his door,
Though he has got a thousand a year, Master Cross,
Though he has got a thousand a year.

It would be but the way of the world, Gaffer Gray,
If Rob did not now see quite so clear,
They say *yellow* mists rise and dim a man's eyes,
When he once gets a thousand a year, Gaffer Gray,
When he once gets a thousand a year.

Rob's eyes were not dim t'other day, Master Cross,
When his poor old friend Harry was here,
He soon cured his pain, and made sunshine again,
With a touch of his thousand a year, Master Cross,
With a touch of his thousand a year.

But Rob must take care, must take care, Gaffer Gray,
Or he'll spend all his new-gotten gear,
How much better 'twould be, he might want it, d'ye see,
If he saved all his thousand a year, Gaffer Gray,
If he saved but his thousand a year.

If he spends the last pound that he's got, Master Cross,
He'll be richer than some folk, I fear;
For a heart such as Rob's, though 'neath tatters it throbs,
Is worth ten times a thousand a year, Master Cross,
Is worth ten times a thousand a year.

The Merry Meeting.

THOUGH we good friends are nothing loth
To sip the best of barly broth,
To-day we'll have a merry bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.
The cook will do her best to-day,
That she should hasten prithee say;
Come, come along, the table spread,
Bring roast and boil'd, the whitest bread,
For we will have a merry bout,
A jovial feasting breaking out.

Though we can fast a day or so,
The frugal plan will we forego,
And we will have a merry merry bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.
The pudding's boiling in the pot,
The chine and turkey piping hot,
The dinner serve without delay,
And we will carve and cut away.
Yes, we will have a merry merry merry bout—
A jovial feasting, breaking out.

Ah, that will do—'tis just the thing—
This fare so good would please a king,
And we will have a merry merry bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.
The wassail bowl around shall go,
'Twill make our kinder feelings flow,
And now before our feasting ends,
We'll drink a health to absent friends,
And wish 'em all a merry merry bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.

The Mermaid's Cave.

(Music, at Wybrow's.)

COME, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave;
For I have a bed of coral for thee,
And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be,
In a cell of the mermaid's cave.
Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave;
And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be,
In a cell of the mermaid's cave.

And she who is waiting with cheek so pale,
At the tempest and ocean's roar,
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail,
Come whitening up to the shore.
Come, mariner, down, &c.

She has not long to linger for thee,
Her sorrows will soon be o'er;
For the cord shall be broken, the prisoner free,
Her eye shall close, and her dreams will be,
So sweet, she will wake no more.
Come, mariner, down, &c.

The Secret.

OH! sing once more that melody,
It stealeth o'er the ear,
Like some sweet dream of early youth,
Of days to mem'ry dear.
But why is this—thy cheek is pale,
Thine eyes are filled with tears!
Thou surely art too young, my child
To weep for bygone years?
Come, rest thee on thy father's breast,
Thy looks are strange and wild!
I cannot bear to see thee thus,
My own, my darling child.

Say, why has fled the sportive mirth,
That cheered thy girlish days?
And why is it that thou fearest now
To meet thy father's gaze?
Some hidden grief thy thoughts oppress,
And bear thy spirits down,
But surely thou hast not a wish
That dreads a father's frown?
Nay, look not thus reproachfully,
Thy grief my thoughts beguiled;
I know I can confide in thee,
My own, my darling child!

Thou lovest! yes, that rising blush,
Betrays how sure I've guessed,
And thou hast kept with woman's pride
The secret in thy breast.
But listen, I've a secret too,
I know and do approve;
So calm thy fears, for he loves thee,
With pure and fervent love.
Go, sing once more that melody,
So soft, so sweetly wild;
And let me see thee smile again,
My own, my darling child!

Will you come to the Dale?

Will you come to the dale?
Let your Mary prevail,
For oft I have heard you declare,
That you ne'er would decline
In these pleasures to join,
If Mary, dear Mary, was there.

Ah! why then refuse?
Say, what can excuse
Your hasting our pastimes to share?
See, bright shines the sun,
The sports have begun,
And Mary, dear Mary, is there.

Ah! why then delay?
Art thou tempted to stray
By some rival more wealthy and fair?
Sure your heart would reply,
Its fond tenant am I,—
That Mary, dear Mary, is there.

But, alas! should it prove
That another you love,
And to church with your bride should repair;
Should some willow-tree wave
O'er a new-cover'd grave,
Think Mary, dear Mary, lies there.

I do not love thee.

I do not love thee, I do not love thee,
And yet when thou art absent I am sad,
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee, yet I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done to me;
And often in my solitude I sigh,
That those I do love are not more like thee.

I do not love thee, yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftner than any other eyes I ever knew.

I do not love thee, yet when thou art gone,
I hate the sounds, though those who speak be dear,
That break the ling'ring echoes of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee, yet I know not why,
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
And often do they smile as I pass by,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

Let Fame sound the Trumpet.

LET Fame sound the trumpet, and cry to the war,
Let glory re-echo the strain;
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
And heroes may smile at their pain:
The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about with his bowl;
On science let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh! give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair that I tenderly love.
What's glory, but pride?—a vain bubble is fame,
And riot, the pleasure of wine:
What's riches, but trouble? and title's a name;
But friendship and love are divine.

Go, forget Me!

(Music, at Cramer & Co.'s.)

GO, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me! and to-morrow
Brightly smile, and sweetly sing.
Smile, though I shall not be near thee,
Sing, though I shall never hear thee;
May that soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.
Go, forget me, &c.

Go, where other smiles await thee;
Go to halls of dazzling light:
Go, outshine all beauties near thee,
Chain another's heart to-night.
Go, thou vision wildly dreaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer gleaming,
Hope and beauty, fare thee well.
Go, forget me, &c.

A Tear shall tell Him all.

(Music, at D'Almaine & Co.'s.)

BY moonlight, near the broken cross,
Young Egbert fondly, fondly swore
To love but me, and only me,
Till life, till life should beat no more.
To note that vow, so fervently
On heav'n, inspir'd, he seemed to call;
But, ere my faltering voice replied,
A tear, a tear had told him all.

Though heedless of his oath he prove,
His falsehood I'll not harshly blame;
And, should he wander back to me,
I'll ask not whence, not whence he came;
No chilling frown shall cloud my brow,
No murmer from my lip shall fall;
But, when this heart in silence breaks,
A tear, a tear shall tell him all.

To all you Ladies now on Land.

TO all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite;
And first, would have you understand,
How hard it is to write.
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fal lal la, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To hear of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All these designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fal lal la, &c.

Come let us be Happy Together.

COME let us be happy together,
For where there's a will there's a way,
And the heart be as light as a feather,
If maxims like mine bear the sway;
First pack up a store of contentment,
Who knows not the way is a dunce
If wrong'd never dream of resentment,
Get rid of such folly at once,
Listen to me!

To be kind 'tis the way to meet kindness,
If not, what's the use of regret?
Rail not at the world for its blindness,
But pity, forgive, and forget.
Our old friends no doubt will be true friends,
The longer we love them the more,
But shut not your heart against new friends,
Though one be but true in a score;
Prize the one you have proved a jewel,
With which 'twould be madness to part;
Who would carelessly throw by the fuel
Which keeps up the warmth of the heart?
Listen to me!

Of true saints how sweet the communion,
Throughout the wide world as we roam,
Then to keep up the strong chain of union,
Let us rivet those fond links at home.

My Young Gazelle.

(Music, at Duff & Co.'s.)

COME here, come here, my young gazelle,
I love to gaze on thee;
Thy faultless limbs and dark eyes tell
Of one beloved by me.
Her step fell lightly as thine own,
Her eye as brightly play'd;
Her voice, oh! what can mock that tone,
My lov'd Ionian maid!

Come here, come here, my young gazelle,
I have a gift for thee;
These flowers, that she loved so well,
Shall now thy garland be.
My little gift thou wilt not scorn,
Tho' wither'd is the braid;
But with me thou wilt seem to mourn
[illegible]

The Standard Bearer.

UPON the tented field, a minstrel knight
Beside his standard lonely watch is keeping,
And thus amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all are sleeping,
The lady of my love I will not name,
Although I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken.
Beneath the flag, &c.

The night is past, the conflict comes with dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defying,
While death and carnage onward still are borne,
His song is heard 'mid thousands round him dying.
The lady of my love, &c.

Stern death, now sated, quits the gory plain,
The life blood from the warrior bard is streaming,
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour beaming,
The lady of my love I will not name,
I still preserve my colours as a token;
I fought and fell for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vows been broken.
And never has, &c.

The Main Truck, or the Leap for Life.

(H. Russell.)

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbour of Mahon,
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone,
When little Jack, the captain's son,
With gallant hardihood,
Climb'd shrond and spar, and then upon
The main truck rose and stood!

A shudder ran through every vein
All eyes were turn'd on high—
There stood the boy with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky.
No hold had he above, below—
Alone he stood in air,
At that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed—but not a man could speak,
With horror all aghast—
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As rivetted unto the spot
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck, he gasp'd
'Oh God! thy will be done!'
Then suddenly a rifle grasp'd,
And aim'd it at his son;
'Jump far out, boy! into the wave,
Jump, or I fire!' he said,
That only chance your life can save,
Jump, jump, boy!' He obey'd.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved—
He for the ship struck out,
On board we hail'd the lad beloved
With many a manly shout,
His father drew in silent joy
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart the boy,
And fainted on the deck.

The Knight was brave.

(Adapted to "Di Piacer.")

THE knight was brave, the maid was fair,
The moon was beaming silver bright,
Each rose a fresher bloom did wear,
Unruffled by the breeze of night;
A palfrey stood beneath the tower,
To bear the lovers far away.
He cried, "Oh! fly thy tyrant's power,
The call of faithful love obey."
The knight was brave, the maid was fair,
The moon was beaming silver bright;
He cried, "Oh! haste my lovely fair,
'Tis now the signal hour for flight."

Love, ne'er deceive me,
Oh! never grieve me,
Break not thy vow of truth;
Cause not a maiden's tears,
Hush all her doubts and fears,
That now assail the heart of youth.

Heed not the trumpet's clang of fierce alarms,
Let not ambition tear thee from my arms;
Can charms of glory half so blissful prove,
As those that ever wait on faithful love?
Love, ne'er deceive, &c.

So peace shall be our happy treasure,
Each morn shall beam with pleasure;
Enshrined in truth, each care is o'er,
Ne'er, thus, we meet, to part no more!

The Grasp of Friendship's Hand.

GIVE me the grasp that is warm, kind, and ready!
Give me the grasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp, that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never!
Give me the hand that is friendly for ever!

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harm'd not another;
Give me the hand that has never foreswore it;
Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-eyed maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never;
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshakled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another:
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never;
Give me the hand that is friendly for ever!

The Begger and the Pope.

A begger got a beadle,
A beadle got a yeoman,
A yeoman got a prentice,
A prentice got a freeman:
The freeman got a master,
The master got a lease;
The lease made him a gentleman,
And justice of the peace.

The justice being rich,
And gallant in desire,
He marry'd with a lady,
And he got a squire:
The squire got a knight,
Of courage bold and stout;
The knight he got a lord,
And so it came about.

The lord he got an earl;
His country he forsook,
He travell'd into Spain,
And there he got a duke;
The duke he got a prince,
The prince a king of hope,
The king he got an emperor,
The emperor got the pope.

Thus, as the story says,
Then my pedigree is done,
The Pope he got to Rome,
From which he soon did run.
The French did by him stand,
For he was in the lurch,
So the begger's brat is a
Holy beggar of the church.

The World is on the move.

(Music, at Mr. Davidson's.)

THE world is on the move,
Look about, look about;
There is much we may improve,
Do not doubt, do not doubt;
And for all who understand,
May be heard throughout the land
A warning voice at hand,
Ringing out, ringing out.

Though gloomy hearts despond,
At the sky, at the sky,
There's a sun to shine beyond,
By and bye, by and bye;
Ere the vessel that we urge
Shall beneath the surface merge,
A beacon on the verge
Shall be nigh, shall be nigh.

Step by step the longest march
Can be done, can be done;
Single stones will form an arch,
One by one, one by one:
And, with union, what we will
Can be all accomplish'd still—
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly none, singly none.

Brag and bluster float as froth,
O'er the wave, o'er the wave;
Gory treason worse than both,
Fools may rave, fools may rave;
But the honest hands that link
With the solemn heads that think,
And for pikes use pen and ink,
Are the brave, are the brave.

Let us onward, then, for right,—
Nothing more, nothing more;
And let justice be the might
We adore, we adore.
Build no hopes upon the sand,
For a people hand in hand,
Can make this a better land
Than before, than before.

Our country bless'd with all,—
Look around, look around;
No tyranny nor bloodshed
Here is found, here is found:
So with heart and voice we cheer,
The Queen we love so dear;
Let her reign in peace, not fear,
From those around, those around

There's room enough for all

(Music at Mr. Davidson's.)

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befal,
The world is wide in lands beside
There's room enough for all!

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour!
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where ev'ry brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befal,
The world is wide; where those abide,
There's room enough for all.

From poison'd air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys;
Where ev'ry hand that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd den,
And lodging cramp'd and small,
The world is wide in lands beside,
There's room enough for all!

In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay
And toil will earn enjoyment!
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother:
Why need we in the crowd of life
Keep trampling on each other?
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befal,
The world is wide; where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

The Blooming Heather.

AS I was coming home
From the fair of Ballimania,
I met a comely lass,
She was fairer than Diana.
I ask'd her where she liv'd,
As we jogg'd on together;
By yon bonny mountain side,
She replied, amongst the heather.

Lassie, I'm in love with you,
You have so many charms,
My heart is in a low with you,
My bosom to you warms;
The blithe blinks of your een,
And your person is so clever,
I'd fondly wed with you,
You're my lassie o'er the heather.

Dinna think, young man,
I believe what you have spoken
Nor dinna think, young man,
I would be so easy taken;
For I am happy and I'm weel,
With my father and my mither
It would tak' a canny chiel
To wile me fra the heather.

Lassie, condescend with me,
And dinna be sae cruel,
Spare to me one kiss, my dear,
One kiss of thee, my jewel.
If I would give you one,
You would surely ask anither,
And may be closely join,
To tent me 'mang the heather.

Now hear me, bonnie lass,
I have houses, I have land,
And whatever else I have
Shall be at your command.
Oh, if that be your will,
Here's my hand, let's join together,
Then he hugg'd and kiss'd his till,
And she's his lassie o'er the heather.

Will You Love Me then as Now?

YOU have told me that you love me,
And your heart's thoughts seem to speak,
As you look on me so fondly,
And the life blood tints your cheek;
May I trust that these warm feelings,
Never will grow cold and strange,
And that you'll remain unalter'd,
'Mid this weary world of change?
When the shades of care and sorrow
Dim my eyes and cloud my brow,
And my spirit sinks within me—
Will you love me then as now?

Though our youth may pass unclouded
In a peaceful happy home,
Yet as year on year advances,
Changes must upon us come;
For the step will loose its lightness,
And the hair be chang'd to grey,
Eyes once bright give up their lustre,
And the hopes of youth decay:
When all these have pass'd upon me,
And stern age has touch'd my brow,
Will the change find you unchanging,
Will you love me then as now?

Aileen Mavourneen.

HE tells me he loves me, and can I believe
The heart he has won he can wish to deceive;
For ever and always his sweet words to me,
Are Aileen mavourneen, acushla-machree.

Last night when we parted, his gentle good bye
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the same sweet words he whisper'd to me,
My Aileen mavourneen, acushla-machree.

The friend of my childhood, the friend of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth;
Oh, still the same words he whisper'd to me,
My Aileen mavourneen, acushla-machree.

Oh, when will the day come, the dear happy day,
That a maiden may hear all a lover can say;
And he speaks out the words he now whispers to me,
My Aileen mavourneen, acushla-machree

Dearest, then, I'll love thee more.

YES I'll love you, oh, how dearly
Words out faintly can express,
This fond heart beats too sincerely
E'er in life to love you less.
No—my fancy never ranges,
Hopes like mine can never soar,
If the love I cherish changes,
It will be to love thee more.
Though the world hath many sorrows,
And perchance it may be ours,
Love from tears a brightness borrows,
Like the earth from summer showers
We will share our griefs and gladness,
In the future as of yore,
And in all our hours of sadness,
Dearest, then I'll love thee more.
Youth may pass, but ask not whether
When you're old I'll love as true
Shall we not grow old together,
And Time's changes mark me too?
Life may cease, but then to heaven
Will my pure affection soar,
Yes, when freed from earthly leaven,
Dearest, then, I'll love thee more.

The Fireside at Home.

OH, the fireside at home,
Which for many past years,
Has witnessed my boyhood,
My smiles and my tears;
By whose side I have paused,
In childhood's sunny time;
There, perched on my sire's knee,
Whose heart so gay as mine.
Ah, those bright hours are fled,
Alas, for ever flown,
Ne'er, ne'er can I forget
The old fireside at home.

How bright at Christmas time
Shone out its rich red glare;
Tinting the glossy holly,
And merry faces there,
Reflected in bright eyes,
Was its flickering glow,
And its warm cheerful light,
Many loved forms did show.
How hearty then, each laugh,
Sacred care away has flown,
Ne'er, ne'er can I forget,
The old fireside at home.

In fancy now I see,
The happy group then there,
Can hear the boist'rous laugh,
And view the Christmas fare;
Can see the blushing maid,
'Neath the mistletoe kissed,
While the silver haired grandad,
Laughs loud with the rest.
There to my fond parents,
I proudly called 'my own,'
All bid me ne'er forget
The old fireside at home.
Those hallowed hours again,
I never may know,
Till 'tis gained in heaven,
That refuge from woe.
Oft I picture it now,
With a tear for the past,
And sigh for those days,
But alas! they are past;
Ye are gone—ye are dead—
Or far from me roam,
That were wont to gather
Round the fireside at home.

Be quiet, do! I'll call my Mother!

AS I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant attitude,
Who should come by but John, my lover!
He pressed my hand, and kissed my cheek,
Then warmer growing kissed the other,
While I exclaimed, and tried to shriek,
Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me,
And wiping from my cheek a tear.
He sat him on the grass beside me;
He feigned such pretty, amorous woe,
Breathed such fond vows one after t'other,
I could but smile, while whispering low,
Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a kiss he rose to leave me.
Oh, John, said I, and must thou go!
I love thee better than all other!
There is no need to hurry so,
I never meant to tell my mother.

The Derby Ram.

AS I was going to Derby, 'twas on a market day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay;
This ram was fat behind, sir, this ram was fat before,
This ram was ten yards high, sir, indeed he was no more.

The butcher that kill'd this ram, sir, was up to his knees in blood,
The boy that held the pail, sir, was carried away by the flood;
The tail that grew upon his rump, was ten yards and an ell,
And that was sent to Derby, to toll the market bell.

aymakers.

(Eliza Cook.)

THE noontide is hot, and our fore heads are brown,
Our palms are all shining and hard—
And hard is our work, with the wain and the plough,
Oh! but poor is our daily reward.
But there's joy in the sunshine and mirth in the lark,
That skims whistling away over head.
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.
We dwell in the meadows and toil on the sod,
Far away from the city's dull gloom;
And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
Than the pale faces over the loom.
Then a song and a cheer for the bonny green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high—
For the pitchers and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And a beautiful midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth noble sirs,
Pray lend us your presence awhile,
Your garments will take no stain from the burs,
And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.
Our carpet's as soft for your delicate feet,
As the pile of your velvetted floor:
And the scent of our greensward is surely as sweet,
As the perfume of Araby's shore.
Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
Where freshness and health may be found;
Where the wind rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
And the clover bloom falleth around.
Then a song, &c.

Hold fast!' cries the waggoner, steady and quick,
And then comes the hearty gee wo!
While the cunning old team horses manage to pick,
A sweet mouthful to munch as they go,
The twarney-fac'd children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap,
Till the tiniest one, quite outspent by the fun,
Is curled up with the sheep dog asleep.
Old age sitteth down on the haycock's crown,
At the close of our labouring day,
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its passing away.
Then a song, &c.

Spirits of the Dashing Spray.

(A celebrated Glee.)

SPIRITS of the dashing spray,
Where the silver waters fall,
In circling dance we play;
Pilgrims, that wandering stray,
Still hear our viewless call,
And sooth'd, pursue their way.

Ah! Why do we love?

(G. Macfarren.)

AH! why do we love?
'Tis a spell a bewild'ring snare;
And wherever, wherever we rove.
It surrounds us with danger and care.
Ah! why do we love?

All bright, all bright it appears,
A fixed star in the heavenly chart,
But soon fading in tears,
'Tis the will o' the wisp of the heart,
Ah! why do we love?

Unconscious we sip
From a goblet deceiving as gay,
That still purples the lip
When the zest of the wine dies away.
Ah! why do we love?

Follow Me.

TO all you wish, whate'er it be,
Far over land and over sea,
Be it wealth or splendid style,
Rosy joy or beauty's smile.
Pleasure waits your guide to be;
Sportive youth, then follow me!

If from toil you would be free
Follow me over land and over sea.
To all you wish in life's bright hour,
And all you'd seek in fairey bow'r,
Where unfading roses grow,
And eternal flow'rets blow.

Two Things are all I Crave.

Sung by Mr. Borani, in the Opera of Loretta.)

Music Published by Cramar Beale & Co. 261, Regent Street.

TWO things are all I crave—
First that within my grave
This pledge, still undisgraced,
May by my side be placed;
That if, in after days
Some stranger o'er it gaze,
It may to him declare
A soldier resteth there.

Then to a mind prepared,
Let this last pang be spared.
This eye hath danger viewed
In battles fiercest feud,
And watched the parting breath
In every form of death,
Bind not the soldier's brow,
That eye can meet it now.

'Twas not her Beauty, Grace nor Air.

(Upton.)

I was not her beauty, grace, nor Air,
Nor bosom fraught with blisses,
'Twas not her face, though angel fair,
Nor lips impearled with kisses.
'Twas something spell-born in a sigh,
'Twas something that does words defy,
That made me swear to love her.

'Twas not the music of her tongue,
(Though every tongue excelling,)
'Twas not the strains she sweetly sung,
Exhaled from Rapture's dwelling.
'Twas something from her eye-beam stole,
That pierced my heart, entranced my soul,
And made me swear to love her.

The Pleasure of Kissing

(H. B. Dudley.)

THERE'S something in kissing, I cannot tell why,
Makes my heart in a tumult jump more than breast high!
For nine times in ten,
So teazing,
And pleasing
We find those rude creatures, the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again.

Though a kiss stop my breath, Oh, how little care I,
Since a woman at some time or other must die!
For nine times in ten,
So teazing,
And pleasing,
We find those rude creatures, the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again.

Pretty Rosaline.

'TWAS near the banks of bonny Tweed,
And in a flowery dell,
A rustic cottage rear'd its head,
The traveller knew it well;
For there a little lassie dwelt,
As fair as beauties queen.
Not one so rare, not one so fair,
As pretty Rosaline;
So bright, so gay, and light,
So meek and mild her e'on,
Heaven's own lustre lit the eye
Of pretty Rosaline.

An aged mother, feeble, blind,
Was Rosa's only care,
Never child was half so kind,
Or parent half so dear,
To get her food, she'd spin and knit,
With cheerful heart I ween,
And blind old Jenny fondly lov'd
Her pretty Rosaline.
Oh, how gay at close of day,
They wandered o'er the green;
Jenny's feeble steps were led
By pretty Rosaline.

A cruel lord so proud and base,
Sought shelter in the dell,
Enraptured with her bonny face,
He vowed, she trusted, fell,
Betrayed, despised, her spirits droop'd,
No more she sought the green,
But like a lily in its bloom,
Died pretty Rosaline.
Her mother dear had none to cheer,
She died that very e'en,
And blind old Jenny sleeps beside
Her pretty Rosaline.

My Native Home.

Sung by Miss Romer, in the Opera of Joan of Arc.)

MY native home, my happy home,
I sigh for thee in vain;
And never may my fated steps
Pursue thy paths again!
For thee thy flowers no more can bloom.
Or rich with perfume flow;
Save pluck'd to strew around my tomb,
Or wreathe my lifeless brow.
My name, amidst thy peaceful vales,
Must like those flowers decay,
And in the dawn of early spring,
So fall—so fade away.

Love and Music.

A CATCH.

LOW speak in the pleasure, bow
wave the deligh
When soft Love and Music inspire
mind!

The Last Adieu.

(Sung by Miss Finch before the Queen.)

FAREWELL, dearest, fare thee well.
And pleasure wait thee all thy path
May no sorrow mar thy peace,
And be ever round thee grow
Fair as now the world shines on me,
Than thou dost find where all the world
Shines for and loveth well!
Thy gentle heart mocked this grandeur
Farewell forever, fare thee well!
Farewell dearest, still I say,
Fare well! Why not why?
Do not let the words of thy voice
The angel of thy woe,
Once more I feel the spell!
Then once more let me say softly,
And farewell dearest, &c.

Mistress Phillis thy Place.

(A CATCH.)

PHILLIS, surely pass round the
glass;
And speedily let the dice;
For now we won't rise till we wink in
Or daylight it look to thee.
Surely, merrily Phillis thy care,
Shall in drink away and
For a [illegible] (Love under the
Bowl.)

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Do not let the words of thy voice
The angel of thy woe,
Once more I feel the spell!
Then once more let me say softly,
And farewell dearest, &c.

Have Faith in one Another.

Have faith in one another, when ye
meet in friendships name,
For the true friend is a brother, and his
heart should throb the same,
Though your path in life may differ,
since the hour when first ye met,
Have faith in one another, ye may need
that friendship yet,
Have faith in one another, when ye
whisper loves fond vow;
It will not be always summer, or be al-
ways bright as now;
And when winter time comes o'er ye,
if some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another, ye shall
never know dispair.
And when winter time &c.

Have faith in one another, for should
doubt alone incline,
It would make the world a desert, where
the sun would never shine;
We have all some transient sorrow, that
o'ershadows us to day,
But have faith in one another and it
soon shall pass away.
Have faith in one another, and let hon-
our be your guide,
And let truth alone be spoken whatever
may betide;
The false may reign a season, and oh!
doubt not but it will,
But have faith in one another and the
truth shall flourish still.
The false may reign, &c.

The Boy's Grave.

(Music published by Jewell.)

I STOOD by a grave near my child-
hood's dear home,
Where in bright summer days I had
gloried to roam;
Now I saw every spot with a feeling of
pain;
For I knew I could ne'er be so happy
again.
I cannot recall the light heart that I
bore,
And the innocent day-dreams can charm
me no more;
There's a chill that will steal on the
heart of the brave,
As he stands a lone man on the brink
of a grave.

I had stood in the battle, my heart ne'er
was cold,
And the thunders of war often made
me more bold;
But the grave of the young who had
died in his bed,
Chilled me more than the battle-stained
shroud of the dead.
'Twas the grave of a friend, who had
shared every joy
When my soul was all freshness—the
soul of a boy;
Oh, would I might be in this cold bed
at rest,
And confide all my sorrows and joys to
his breast!

I'm no speaker, so you'll see.

I'M no speaker, so you'll see,
From the scores of melody,
Something apropos I'll borrow—
Oh, if you keep up this glee,
I hope that you'll agree with me,
And tarry here till to-morrow.

I've no money, but you see,
Justerini credits me
For Claret, Champagne, Hock or
Sherry,
No heel taps then, nor skylights leave,
Nor for a lack of liquor grieve,
But drink and sing and be merry.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

KATHLEEN Mavourneen the grey
dawn is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard on
the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright
dew is shaking——
Kathleen Mavourneen, what, slum-
bering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we
must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we
must part?
It may be for years, and it may be
for ever,
Oh, why art thou silent thou voice of
my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy
slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's
golden light!
Ah! where is the spell that once hung
on thy numbers!
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my
night!
Mavourneen Mavourneen, my sad tears
are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I
must part;
It may be for years & it may be for ever
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of
my heart?

No Loss Like Loss of Time.

(Collins.)

OF more loss in life than gain,
Mad-brained mortals still complain.
Spendthrifts feel the loss of wealth,
Rakes the loss of rosy health;
Sots in midnight broils in strife,
Lose the balmy sweets of life;
And when life has lost its prime,
Fools deplore the loss of time.

In yon corner of thy room,
Mark the lab'ring spider's loom;
See the net her drudgery spreads,
Count its intervolving threads;
Where in ambush lurks the spy,
To immesh the vagrant fly:
And, from her, compute what crim
Can outway the loss of time,

Then behold the pismire's toil,
Tugging, drudging o'er the soil,
Grain by grain, the fruits of earth,
'Gainst the hungry winter's dearth,
Ev'ry load she lugs to shelf
How much larger than herself,
And teaching, more than prose or rhyme
How to shun the loss of time.

Who hath not shed the silent tear?

(Music published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

WHO hath not shed the silent tear?
Who hath not felt his bosom swell
With grief that could not be suppress-d,
When came the parting word "Fare-
well!"
Who ever left his native shore,
In far and stranger lands to dwell
But treasured in his memory still
The look that spoke the last farewell.
Who hath not shed, &c.

Joyful the captive drops his chain;
But ere he quits his gloomy cell,
The only voice that cheer'd him there
Shall pain him with its sad farewell.
'Tis sorrow's note, wherever breathed,
And acts like some magician's spell;
It checks the smile that fain would play,
And withers in the deep farewell.
Yet 'tis a word we all must breathe:
Like a departed spirit's knell,
It strikes with anguish on the heart,
And breaks it with the last Farewell.

The Last Adieu.

(Sung by Miss Birch, before the Queen.)

FAREWELL dearest, fare thee well,
And blessings with thee go!
May sunshine be upon thy path,
And flowers around thee grow:
For thou wert kind when all the world
From me and fortune fell;
Thy smile hath soothed this troubled
heart,
Yet, dearest, fare thee well!
Farewell dearest, &c

Farewell, dearest, still I say,
And yet I know not why!
To hear the magic of thy voice,
The music of thy sigh.
Once more thy hand is clasp'd in mine,
Once more I feel its spell:
Then give me but one sunny smile,
And, dearest, fare thee well.
Farewell dearest, &c.

Merrily, fuddle thy Nose.

(A GLEE.)

MERRILY, merrily push round the
glass,
And merrily troll the glee;
For he who won't drink till he wink is
an ass;
So, neighbour, I'll drink to thee.

Merrily, merrily fuddle thy nose,
Until it right rosy shall be:
For a jolly red nose (I speak under the
rose)
Is a sign of good company.

Love and Music.

A CATCH.

HOW great is the pleasure, how
sweet the delight,
When soft Love and Music together
unite!